

HE WALKED ALONE

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Between two maidens

HE WALKED ALONE

I

THE PRAYER

THE lengthening shades of evening slowly creep,
And twilight closes in a fond embrace
The melting day and night; and now behold
A thousand seated on the dewy grass—
Men, women, children—of all castes and creeds—
Squatting upon the lawn; and not the least
Among them those who toil from morn to eve
In meanest occupations—Harijans—
The men of God—as he doth love to call.

And nearby stands a temple newly raised
To the ancient sage Valmiki, he who wrote
The wondrous story of the life of Rama,
And loved the poorest, humblest in the land :
And there they met and daily prayed to God.

And now in patience sat the people all
Expectant, when between two maidens walked,
In loin cloth, resting his hand on each,
One whom they called Mahatma—mighty soul.
With folded hands he greeted them, and sat

Among them, silent, lost in prayer; and then
In solemn tones the men and maidens sang :

O Lord of Raghus, Raja Ram !
Saviour of sinners, Sita Ram !
Isvara, Allah are Thy names
Chanted in many a holy psalm
By Hindus in their daily prayer,
And by the children of Islam.
Teach us to see Thee everywhere,
And in Thy love our hearts embalm.
O Lord of Raghus, Raja Ram !
Saviour of sinners, Sita Ram !

* * * * *

Remember Him, remember Him,
Hari, the loving Lord of all.
He has a hundred thousand names—
Isvara, Allah and Gopal.

Remember Him, remember Him,
Hari, of all the loving Lord.
Remember Him, remember Him,
In every thought and deed and word.

HE WALKED ALONE

Remember Him, remember Him,
O foolish one, of vain desire !
He is the light within the sun;
The moon, the stars, the world entire.

Remember Him, remember Him,
Of vain desire, O foolish one—
The Lord who liveth in the heart
Of all, and smileth in the sun.

Remember Him, remember Him,
Hari, the loving Lord of all.
He has a hundred thousand names—
Allah, Narayana, Gopal.

* * * * *

He is a man of God indeed,
Who feels his neighbour's grief and pain
And loveth all in word and deed;
And thinketh not of any gain.

Who hath his senses in control;
His mind restrained, from passion free;
With reason calm and happy soul;
And full of truth and charity.

Alike in sorrow and in joy,
 Alike in honour and disgrace;
 No earthly ills can him annoy:
 No evil hath in him a place.

He leads a simple life below,
 And seeks nor wealth, nor power, nor pride;
 The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
 Alike for him in God abide.

And so he spends his days on earth,
 In prayer and deeds of love and faith;
 Blessing all creatures in his birth;
 And blessing them alike in death.

* * * * *

Walk alone, O Traveller, walk on earth alone;
 Nor fear to walk alone,
 When thy companions fail,
 And friends grow faint and pale;
 Walk alone, O Traveller, fear not to walk alone.

They make no answer to thy trumpet call ?
 They fear—they falter as they face the wall ?
 Go, walk alone, O Traveller, walk alone :
 Nor spare to tell them why they faint and fall,
 And sigh and groan;
 Then walk alone, O Traveller, walk alone.

And if they follow for awhile, and turn
Away from desert winds that blow and burn—
Trample the thorns under thy tread below;
Nor fear along the blood-stained path to go;
Then walk alone, O Traveller, walk alone,
Nor sigh, nor moan.

And if they do not hold the light on high,
When dark the night, and storm o'er earth and sky,
Or lightning flashes in a flood of pain,
And smites thy heart, and thunder strikes again—
Go, walk alone, O Traveller, walk alone,
Through life or death, as calleth God His own;
Nor sigh or groan;
But walk alone:
Walk alone, O Traveller, fear not to walk alone.

II

THE HORROR

THERE is a cry in town and hall—
“Let us divide the land :
We cannot live together all—
Hindus and Muslims—great and small—
United heart and hand.

So let us part : and if by force
You hold us in a chain—
We'll break the bonds, and take the course
We will, through blood, without remorse—
But ne'er be one again.”

* * * * *

Through town and hall there rose a cry—
“O horror, blood and shame ! ”
There is a death that cannot die—
A torture and an agony
We know not how to name.

HE WALKED ALONE

Mother and child and man and maid,
They shuddered--then still they lay :—
It was a city of the dead—
A bloody land, all fiery red,
With bones upon the way.

* * * * *

They cut the country into twain—
India and Pakistan;
From foreign yoke made free again,
And hoped in peace to end their pain—
In light their dream of dawn.

* * * * *

They cut their country into twain,
And made the people free;
O horror—how they fly in vain !
Canst count the wounded and the slain ?
Or hear their agony ?

There is a wail in the wilderness—
“O help ye, all who can ! ”
There is a woe in the heart's recess—
“Arise, O soul of Man,
And bid this strife and anguish cease :
Our hearts are bleeding—give us peace.”

There is blood in the eyes of men:

And hark ! that piercing scream—

The widow's groan—the orphan's wail—

And streaming blood—and all is still !

Again—O do not hear again

The surge, the swell of a horrible dream—

Havoc and death—the cross, the nail—

And the fury and fire of those who kill;

Of those who kill :

Ah, how they kill !

* * * * *

Draw the veil :

Quench the light :

Turn from the sight away :

It was a day,

It was a night,

More horrible than hell.

The tempest flies on the wings of the wind ;

The ocean rolls on the bosom of the wave;

And fire and lightning—they burn and they blind;

And the voice of Death is silent in the grave.

But the fury of men when they rage and rave

Is wilder than the tempest, and their mind

Than the roaring billows more unkind:

And who can rise their soul to save ?

* * * * *

Ah, who but thou, O frail and weak
And small still voice within the heart—
The soul that shineth like a star,
Can cry a halt to this grim war
Of brothers born, now torn apart,
Who suffer, and yet more suffering seek—
Through hatred, passion, pride and fear,
And dreams of conquests yet to be?
And bid us live as good and free
Children of a land should to all be dear?

* * * * *

III THE CALL

HE rose: a tear was in his eye;
He had heard that rending cry.
In loin cloth and staff in hand,
He walked across the stricken land;
By forest path, through mud and thorn,
In sun and shade, at eve and morn,
From village unto village went,
And spoke to all upon the way—
Hindus and Muslims, young and old :
And men and women sobbed and told
The anguish of an earlier day
In fright and horror they had spent.

His heart was moved—and yet he smiled,
And comforted each man and child,
And softly said—“We all must die
One day—then wherefore wail or sigh ?
It is but how we die or live
That matters—what we get or give.
And he who dies a warrior's death
Is honoured in his earthly life;



He walked across the stricken land

But he who yields his quiet breath—
Full of truth and living faith
In man, not plunging knife for knife—
He lives for ever in the love
Of man below and God above :
The sovereign of each aching heart—
By sorrow stunned or torn apart.

* * * * *

“For we have power by love to conquer hate;
And if but a thousand men of mercy rise,
And suffer death in silence and not slay—
They’ll be the heralds of a newer day,
And break the bonds of death that never dies—
A desert home, and bosoms desolate.

I speak to Sikhs and Hindus first today,
And ye all who have suffered. Well I know
The sore that rankles in your hearts’ despair;
There is a horror ghastlier than the way
Of battled war, when men tear men below,
And youth, nor age, mother, nor maiden spare.

There is a voice that echoes not in speech;
There is an anguish will not shed a tear;
And there’s a heart that breaks not e’en to
death;

And I have heard your sighs without a breath;
And seen your sorrow, felt your grief and fear;
And know the maddening rage and wrath of each.

And yet, though you have suffered wrongs untold,
I plead with you all truly to forbear,
Nor evil deed for evil deed return.
That is the way of war that everywhere
Has filled the world with anguish manifold:
And we must perish or its lore unlearn.

Nor that the path of fear, but courage true;
And brave indeed is he who has the power
To slay, but slays not—lets the foeman live;
And if himself is slain, doth yet forgive.
'Tis like the passing of a lovely flower
Into an odour death cannot subdue.

Such is the eternal secret of a life
That cannot die—the voice of Love on earth—
Of Truth and Goodness that is God indeed !
The tree will grow but from a buried seed;
The mother's pangs awake the child to birth;
And a sire may die to end his children's strife.

But if ye needs must punish, let the wrong
By him be righted whose own heart is pure;
And deal with but the author of the deed.
Let mercy hallow justice, and the strong
But even hand of law root out the weed,
But spare the corn, so may our life endure.

Thus even war may be a sacrifice,
To serve the purpose of a law divine,
If purest ends by purest means succeed.
'Tis but to save a dauntless hero dies;
And armies clash—yet closer to combine;
And for a world of peace the nations bleed.

But if ye stray, and visit on the son
The father's wrongs, or on the blameless wife
Her husband's, or upon the neighbour wreak
Revenge for what a distant band has done,
And spare nor youth, nor age, nor maiden
meek,
Ye'll reap but ruin from this senseless strife.

Your new-born freedom will be but a dream—
An agony, a torture of despair—
An endless sorrow, and a world's disgrace;

And may the Lord in all His mercy spare
This ancient land and this unhappy race;
And this weak heart that grief and pain extreme.

There is no law of man or God on earth
That bids a man to plunder, burn, or slay,
Or desecrate a child or woman's face.
But should he do this wrong in any place,
And in the name of God—that selfsame day
Will blot out all the story of his birth.

I would not live to see that dreary night
Enshroud the earth, and shatter all the hope
That you and I have cherished in our heart.
It must not be—and e'en if I depart,
You yet will see the vision of that light
In broader path on brighter landscape ope.

Leave ye the wrongs of man 'gainst man to right
Unto the State and to the rule of law,
And pray to God to sanctify its arm.
By private vengeance ye but seek to draw
The shades of sorrow, evil, and affright
Upon this land and plunge it into harm.

And if the State is weak, ye make it strong ;
And ye have power to change its servants too—
By people's voice, enshrining people's will.
Yet they who work for you have led you long—
Stout hearts—now heavy—brave and tried and
true—
Waiting to serve : but you can change them
still.

But you must trust them all if you desire
That they should serve you even for a day,
And lead the people to their destined goal.
And calm your passions and your rage control
And still the maddening frenzy of this fire
That threatens to destroy us on the way.

Whatever happens is by Law divine :
They who are gone are with their Father now,
And need no grief to make them happy there,
Nor fearful wrath, nor vengeance ; only prayer
And voice of love, and pure unbroken vow
Of heart to heart in memory's holy shrine.

If you have suffered, think how many more
There be whose sorrows yet much deeper lie—
Who cannot sigh, and seek their grief to hide :

Lack ye but food and shelter ?—sick and sore ?
Then be the earth your bed, your roof the sky—
And let me all I have with you divide.

These be but little ills of lesser life,
And pass but as the winter winds retire ;
Yet well I know how loss of wealth or place
May shake the mind, and love of heart efface;
And even more the loss of son or sire—
Or mother, brother, sister, husband, wife.

But we are men, and so our griefs must bear—
And women bear them yet more patiently;
And so will good awake from evil too;
So shall we learn our passions to subdue;
Of earthly life a heavenly vision see :
And change from night to day, from foul to fair.

This is the dream of India's destiny—
The goal of freedom in a bleeding world—
Where East and West, and past and present
meet;
And clash and conflict, race and rivalry
Are reconciled, and warring banners furled,
And men greet men in love and friendship
sweet.

But now the Boat is tossing in the storm—
Lashed by the roar of wild, encircling waves;
But let the hand not tremble at the wheel.
Let each one do his duty, and each arm
Stretch out to help : so God in mercy saves
A humble heart, and heareth its appeal !

Ten thousand years in Time's unnumbered past,
Ten thousand years through future's endless score,
Are gazing on us now with anxious eyes.
Bid them awake, O Lord, bid them arise:
So may a newer dawn on sea and shore
Lighten the world in glory that will last.

And O ye Muslims, who in Pakistan
Would build a newer and a purer State—
I beg you equally with all the rest
To listen to your Prophet's own behest;
And pray to purge your hearts of all this hate,
And make you as the children of the dawn.

Of hope that lengthens in the dewy East,
In rose and purple o'er the field and hall.
I love to think of all as we were once --

But less than thirty years ago—the sons
Of one great mother—young and old and all—
When you in India's fore were not the least.

We are the children of the selfsame race,
And e'en the selfsame faith, not long ago;
And all our hopes and fears are still the same
My heart is much too full of grief to blame
Or you or others. May God in His grace
Forgive us—in the dust how fallen low !

But they who sin must suffer, and the end
Of hate is war—of passion, lust and shame;
Of frenzy, fire; of blood and murder—death.
And those who are the foremost to offend
Shall meet their doom at last, and Justice claim
Its own when all is hushed with bated breath

If you wish well your new-born Pakistan,
Renounce your hate, repent each sinful deed,
And be as friends with India as of old;
And though divided, both together hold
As brothers, who may part, and yet are drawn
By golden bonds of love in time of need.

So will your land of Pakistan be pure,
And ye be safe, and prosper in your peace—
The promise of the word of God to all.
I humbly claim to love all men, and call
Ye brothers, and my voice can only cease
With death, not age—your welfare to ensure.

There is no god but God, and that is He
Who makes and loves all creatures as His own—
Hindus and Muslims, Sikhs and Christians—all;
Isvara and Allah, Lord and God, they call
In temple, mosque or church ; but he alone
Who loves his fellow men in truth doth see.

So love as brothers, if ye wish to live,
All men, and love all creatures too on earth—
For that's the highest law of God indeed.
That is the law of life—its fruit, its seed:
That is the joy, the glory of our birth—
When sinners grieve, and those who die forgive.

So may I live, and die as gladly too,
That all whom I have loved be healed again;
And out of death's supremest sacrifice

A newer bond of fellowship arise,
And fill with hope the aching hearts of men;
And anguished souls with light of love renew!

That is my hope, and that my lowly prayer:
So may the Lord of all the universe
Hallow the land and purify our hearts;
And heal the wounds of bleeding life—the darts
Of fire and frenzy, sorrow and despair;
And clouds of war from all the earth disperse!

* * ♦ * * *

IV THE SACRIFICE

THEY did not listen; and he prayed
That He, the loving Lord of all,
Who comforteth the poor and weak,
And saveth those who sin and fall,
May lead them to the path of light,
And teach them how to live in peace;
Or spare him in his weary age,
The sight of fratricidal war.

* * * * *

And then he fasted—and they came
And prayed to him to eat and live;
And vowed to be as brothers all.
And peace and calm was then restored
In fair Calcutta, and again
In Delhi, seat of ancient kings.

* * * * *

But soon again the gathering clouds
Broke in the north and over the west;
And tales of horror shook the land—
Murder and fire and ravage grim,

And fury 'gainst the young and old—
Mother and child and man and maid—
And deeds of shame more deep than death.

* * * * *

And then he prayed again that He
The loving Lord of all the world,
His erring children spare, and take
Instead him as a sacrifice—
So there be peace within the land !

* * * * *

There was a band of fiery men,
Who thought that he, the best of all
The Hindus had, by words of peace
Wrought weakness in their fainting hearts,
And given to those intent on war
Across the border, cause to gloat
In triumph o'er their hideous deeds.
And so they vowed that he should die—
That there be peace within the land.

* * * * *

And one of them in secret came,
And mingled with the waiting crowd ;
And as this man of God approached
With folded palms to join in prayer—

HE WALKED ALONE

Advanced, knelt, kissed his feet—and then,
Ere any arm could interpose,
Lifted his hand and shot him through
Thrice....

* * * * *

V

THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS

THEY gathered round him where he lay

Upon a bed of dewy flowers :

A smile upon his lips did play,

His eyes were closed, as one should say

It was a sleep of dreamless hours.

The anguish and the pain were gone;

The light of peace upon him shone.

And some did sigh and some did weep;

And there were some who stood apart;

There is a grief for words too deep—

A sorrow that can only creep

In silence of a broken heart.

And then some men and maidens sang;

In solemn tones their echoes rang :

* * * * *

O Lord of Raghus, Raja Ram !

Saviour of sinners, Sita Ram !

Isvara, Allah are thy names

Chanted in many a holy psalm



Alone he goes, that Traveller, all alone

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By Hindus in their daily prayer,
And by the children of Islam
O teach us to see Thee everywhere,
And in Thy love our life embalm.
O Lord of Raghus, Raja Ram !
Saviour of sinners, Sita Ram !

* * * * *

Alone he goes, that Traveller, all alone—
Beyond all sighs of grief, or wail or moan—
Alone, alone !

Along the path of light—to realms unknown
To mortal men—he travels all alone—
Alone, alone !

Beyond the region of the sun and moon,
Beyond the region of the night or noon—
Alone, alone !

He goes beyond the orb of many a star,
To Him who's everywhere, and near and far—
Alone, alone !

Still is the Lamp that shone till yester-eve !
An empty vessel he behind doth leave—
Alone, alone !

The broken Flute hath lost its touch and tone;
And where is he whose breath was through it blown
Alone, alone ?

Ah ! where is he who smiled till yester-morn ?
Alone he goes—as he alone is born :
Alone, alone !

Light into Light's dissolved, and life in Life,
Where sire and son unite, and man and wife—
Alone, alone !

Alone he goes—that Traveller, all alone—
Along the paths of light to realms unknown—
Alone, alone !
Beyond the sun and moon and starry zone,
To Him who loves him dearly as His own—
Alone, alone !

* * * * *

Ye grieve for him who hath no grief,
And liveth in eternal joy;
The wise indeed are those who grieve
Nor for the living nor the dead.

For ne'er was time when he was not,
Nor ye, nor all the hosts of men;

And never shall we cease to be
Hereafter all of us again.

As follow childhood, youth and age
The embodied one in bodily frame,
So doth another body too :
The wise one's not perplexed thereby.

What is unreal cannot last,
The real never cease to be;
The truth of all this has been seen
By those who understand the truth.

Know that is indestructible
By whom pervaded is this all;
And none has any power to slay
That being indestructible.

Who thinketh him a slayer to be,
And he who thinks that he is slain—
Devoid of knowledge are they both :
He slayeth not—he is not slain.

He is not born, nor ever can he die ;
Nor having been, can ever cease to be ;

Eternal, changeless, ancient and unborn—
He is not slain when is the body slain.

Just as a man his worn out clothes discards,
And weareth others, new ones, even so,
The embodied one, abandoning the old,
Doth enter other bodies that are new.

Weapons can never cleave the soul,
Nor ever can the fire consume;
Nor water yet can moisten him;
And him no wind can ever dry.

The dweller in each bodily frame
Can ne'er be slain, O ye who weep;
Therefore for any creature born
Ye have no reason e'er to grieve.

And he in wisdom's truly wise
Who's pleased by the soul within the soul;
Untouched by grief, not seeking joy,
And free from wealth, desire and fear.

As a tortoise doth withdraw its limbs
From every side, when he withdraws
His senses from their objects all—
Firm is his wisdom said to be.

When it is night for every one.

The self-controlled one keeps awake;
When others wake, the seeing one,
The sage, doth take it for his night.

As waters all into the ocean flow,
Unmoved and still, yet full on every side,
So when desires flow into him, doth he
Attain to peace—not he who seeks desires.

This is the state of Brahma—this
Attaining, one is ne'er perplexed;
Therein established e'en at death,
Nirvan of Brahma he attains.

* * * * *

By Sacrifice Prajapati
Created all the worlds entire;
And fettered by actions is the world
Save when performed as sacrifice.
The remnants of this sacrifice
Eating, the good are freed from sin;
Preparing food but for themselves,
The sinful but of sin partake.

He who's devoted to the soul,
And with the soul is satisfied,

And e'er content within the soul—
No motive hath in action he.

* * * * *

Life is a chain of endless births,
Forgotten in the ageless past;
And He, the Maker of the world,
By His creative power is born.

Whene'er there is on earth decay
Of righteousness and truth and love,
And wrong, untruth and hate arise,
Doth He create Himself again.

For the deliverance of the good,
And evil-doers to destory,
And establish righteousness and truth,
Is He re-born from age to age.

Howsoever we go to Him,
Even so He takes us to Himself;
For unto Him lead all the paths
Of life we follow every way.

Nor Him do actions ever bind;
Nor doth He ever seek their fruit:
And he who knoweth so the Lord,
Unfettered is by actions he.

And so from all attachment free,
Or bond of hope, with mind controlled,
His actions are but sacrifice,
And all their taint dissolves away.

The oblation's Brahma, offering too,
In Brahma-fire by Brahma made;
And unto Brahma he attains
In action who doth Brahma see.

The leavings of true sacrifice
Who eat—to deathless Brahma go.
This world is not for those who make
No sacrifice, nor yet the next.

Bending before thy Master's feet,
By question and by service know;
The wise ones who have seen the truth,
To thee this knowledge will impart.

And even if thou art the most
Sinful among the sinners all—
Yet by the boat of knowledge thou
Wilt cross beyond thy deadly sin.

This knowledge hath the man of faith,
Devoted one, who hath controlled

His senses and his wayward mind;
And so attains to peace supreme.

He is a true renouncer called,
Who neither liketh nor dislikes;
And free from pairs of opposites,
He is released from bondage all.

Whose soul is free and self controlled,
Senses subdued, possessed of Yoga,
Sees in the soul the soul of all,
Though acting, yet he hath no taint.

Without attachment who performs
Actions, resigning them to Brahma,
By evil is not tainted he,
By water as the lotus leaf.

The wise ones look with equal eye
At a learned Brahman or a cow,
An elephant or else a dog,
And e'en the most uncleanly one.

Even here they conquer all the world
Whose mind in evenness abides;
Sinless is Brahma—the same to all—
And so in Brahma they abide.

Whose joy's within, and peace within,
And he who hath his light within,
That Yogi's one with Brahma made,
And gains Nirvan of Brahma he.

He gaineth peace who knows the Lord—
The enjoyer of all sacrifice;
The mighty ruler of the world,
A friend to all the creatures born.

* * * * *

He who has won his soul by soul,
With mind controlled and firm in Yoga,
Attains to peace that culminates
In pure Nirvan and lives in God.

This Yoga is not for him who eats
Too much, or else too little eats;
Nor yet for him who too much sleeps,
Or else too much doth keep awake.

In eating and amusement who
Is temperate, and in action too;
In sleep and wakefulness alike—
For him his pain doth Yoga destroy.

As flickers not in a windless place
A lighted lamp, so even he—

A Yogi with his mind controlled—
With soul devoted unto Yoga.

The highest joy to a Yogi comes
Who hath his soul in perfect peace;
Who's free from taint, whose mind is calm,
And hath become with Brahma one.

The Yogi centred in the soul,
Who looks on all with equal eye,
Beholds the soul in everything,
And everything within the soul.

Who sees the Lord in everything,
And everything within the Lord,
The Lord is never lost to him,
Nor he unto the loving Lord.

Who worships Him but as the One
Dwelling within the hearts of all,
Whatever be his mode of life
That Yogi doth attain to Him.

* * * * *

All Nature hath a twofold form—
The fiercer and the gentler one;
The gentler one's the life of all—
Sustaining all the universe.

These are the forms of God indeed:

'Tis He who makes and who unmakes.

The universe is woven on Him

As rows of pearls upon a string.

He is the light in sun and moon;

He is the life of creatures all.

In beings too is He desire

That is to Dharma unopposed.

Whatever form a devotee

Doth seek to worship, full of faith,

Even unto that form indeed

He makes his faith unwavering.

At time of death, remembering Him,

Who leaves his body and departs—

Intent upon Him evermore—

He doth attain to Him indeed.

Omniscient, ancient, ruler of the world,

Minuter than an atom, and of form

Beyond conception, and supporting all—

Away from darkness, radiant like the sun—

Who meditates on Him at time of death,

With steady mind, devotion, strength of Yoga—

Fixing his breath between his eye-brows still—
To Him, the Lord supreme, divine, he goes.

Remembering Him, and uttering Om—
That Brahma centred in one word—
Leaving his body who departs,
He doth attain that goal supreme.

Up to the world of Brahma—all
The worlds are subject to return;
But he who doth attain to Him,
No re-brith knows that blessed one.

Beyond this life unmanifest,
There is one more Unmanifest—
The Eternal that can never die,
When perish all the creatures here.

That changeless and unmanifest
Abode is called the highest goal—
Where dwelleth He, the Lord supreme,
From whence may none again return.

Fire, light, and day, the bright fortnight,
The sun's six months of northern path—
In these departing from the world,
The Brahma-knowers to Brahma go to.

And smoke and night, the dark fortnight,
The sun's six months of southern path—
Departing then, the Yogi goes
To the Moon's abode, and thence returns.

These are the paths—the bright, the dark—
Deemed as eternal in the world :
By the one he goes and ne'er returns ;
By the other comes he back again.

What holy fruit can be attained by alms,
Or Vedas, penance or by sacrifice—
The Yogi, knowing all, beyond this goes,
And gains that place primeval and supreme.

* * * * *

When ends an Age of Time, return
All creatures unto Nature still;
And when begins a newer Age,
Doth He create them all again.

And Nature through His boundless power
Bears all that move and do not move;
And even so by law divine
Revolveth all the universe.

He's worship and the sacrifice,
The offering and the sacred herbs;

And prayer and butter clarified,
And fire and burnt oblation He.

He is the father of the world,
Mother, sustainer, friend and Lord;
The source, support, and final end—
The store house and eternal seed.

And He gives heat, and He withholds
And poureth down the showers of rain;
He's death and immortality;
And being and non-being He.

Even those who worship other gods,
With faith they also worship Him;
For He the enjoyer is alone
And Lord of sacrifices all.

Who with devotion offers Him
A leaf, flower, fruit, or water small,
That offered with devotion, He
Accepts of him of striving soul.

He is alike to creatures all;
Hateful to Him is none or dear;
But those who worship Him alone,
They are in Him and He in them.

Even if a sinner worship Him,
Devoted unto Him alone,
He should be deemed as good indeed,
Because he rightly hath resolved.

His soul is filled with righteousness,
And he attains to lasting peace;
And taking refuge into Him,
He reaches soon the goal supreme.

• • • • •

Who knows Him as without a source,
Unborn, the Lord of all the worlds,
Without delusion is he all
Among the mortals, free from sin.

He hath a hundred thousand forms—
Of various colours—all divine ;
But we can see Him only when
He gives us sovereign grace of sight.

And then with garlands, robes divine,
And ornaments we can behold ;
And full of glory wonderful
Boundless with face turned everywhere.

If the splendour of a thousand suns
At once should waken in the sky,
That may perchance be like the light
And glory of that mighty One.

Deathless is He, supremest Lord to flow—
The mighty refuge of the universe ;
Eternal Dharma's changeless guardian He ;
Of infinite power, kindling with glory all.

As rivers in their many waters' mass
Their faces turn towards the sea and flow,
So do all creatures in this world of life,
Enter into Him, blazing on all sides.

The infinite Lord, the home of all the worlds,
The knower He, and known—the highest goal—

All hail to Him, a thousand times all hail !
Hail, hail to Him, again, again, all hail !

Obeisance from before and from behind,
From every side obeisance to that All;
Of infinite power, of infinite glory He—
Pervading all, and therefore is He All.

He is the sire of all that move and do not move;
Worthy of worship, greater than the great :
He hath no equal in the threefold world :
Who can excel Him—He the matchless one ?

Our bodies thus before Him we prostrate,
And crave forgiveness of the Lord supreme.
As father with his son, as friend with friend,
As a lover with his love, O with us bear !

We joy to see we had not seen before,
And yet our hearts are trembling as in fear;
Show us again Thy gentler form, O Lord !
Mercy, O Lord, O refuge of the world.

* * * * *

Who think of Him with fixed resolve,
And make Him as their goal supreme,

Renouncing all their deeds to Him,
They bide in Him for evermore.

Who beareth hatred unto none,
Is friendly and compassionate,
And free from selfishness and pride,
Patient, the same in joy and pain;

By whom the world is not disturbed,
Nor by the world disturbed is he;
And free from envy, fear, and hate,
Dear is to Him that devotee.

Who hateth not, rejoiceth not,
And grieveth not, nor hath desire—
Renouncing good and evil all—
Dear is to Him that devotee.

Who is alike to friend and foe,
Alike in honour and disgrace—
In cold and heat and joy and pain—
Dear is to Him that devotee.

Alike in censure and in praise,
Patient, content with what may chance,
Without a home, with steady mind—
Dear is to Him that devotee.

With hands and feet He's everywhere—
With eyes, head, face on every side;
And everywhere He hath His ears,
And stands pervading everything.

Within all creatures and without,
Immovable and movable,
Subtle and all unknowable—
He is afar, and yet is near.

Impartible, He yet remains
As if divided in all things;
And He createth all the worlds;
Supporteth and destroyeth all.

He's said to be the Light of lights—
Beyond the realm of darkness far;
Knowledge, its goal, and what is known;
And dwelling in the hearts of all.

He seeth truly who doth see
The Lord supreme in everything;
Abiding equally in all—
Deathless in all the things of death.

All separate creatures when he sees
Existing in the One alone.

And rising all from Him alone,
Then he to Brahma doth attain.

As a single sun illuminates
The world entire—the Lord supreme,
Dwelling within the hearts of all,
Illuminates the universe.

* * * * *

Who hates not action, hates not light,
Nor seeketh them, is free from taint,
Alike to him is dust and gold,
And pleasant or unpleasant things.

Who worships Him, the Lord supreme,
With steady and devoted mind,
Renouncing all his deeds to Him,
He doth attain to perfect peace.

* * * * *

The sun does not illumine It,
Nor yet the light of moon or fire;
And that is His supreme abode—
Attaining which doth none return.

An eternal portion of the Lord
Becomes a soul in the world of life—

Drawing the mind and senses five—
Abiding all in Nature still.

And when the Lord a body takes,
Or when he leaves it here again—
He taketh these with Him and goes,
As perfumes wind from their retreats.

Presiding o'er the ear and eye,
And sense of touch and taste and smell,
And also mind, doth He enjoy
The objects of the senses all.

Quitting a form, or dwelling there,
Possessed of various hues of life—
The foolish ones see not the Lord;
But those with eyes of wisdom see.

The light that dwelleth in the sun,
Illumining the world entire,
The light that's in the moon and fire,
That light is all from Him alone.

Entering the earth, doth He support
All beings with His energy ;
And He becomes the dewy Moon,
And nourishes the herbs below.

And He becomes the fire of life
 Within the frame of all who breathe;
 And linked with breath that comes and goes,
 Doth He digest the fourfold food.

* * * * *

The faith of each within the world
 Unto his nature doth conform;
 A man consisteth of his faith :
 As his faith, so is the man.

The real thing is Sat indeed;
 And verily Sat is also good;
 And Sat indeed doth also mean
 A good, auspicious action done.

Whatever is done devoid of faith,
 Of penance, gift, or sacrifice,
 A-sat it is—unreal all—
 It's naught on earth, and naught elsewhere.

* * * * *

Renouncing action with desire—
 That is renunciation true ;
 The abandonment of fruit of deeds
 The sages call abandonment.

By his devotion to his deeds,
Perfection doth a man attain—
By dedication to the Lord,
By whom pervaded is the world.

The Lord supreme doth dwell within
The hearts of all the creatures born;
And moves them by His power divine,
Mounted as if on a machine.

Remember Him, remember Him,
Hari, the sovereign Lord of all—
The mighty one, so wonderful—
Giver of wisdom, lasting peace.

* * * * *

VI

THE ETERNAL FLAME

THERE was a creeping silence of a death
Over the earth no mortal man had seen;
And not a whisper, save the maidens' notes
In deep and solemn echoes rose and fell.
The mighty city of the race of kings
Was still, and so the simple heart that loved
The highest and the humblest but as one;
And yet he lay as if in dreamless sleep.
His eyes were closed, and on his silent lips
A gentle smile of peace serenely played.
There was no mark of death, save for the three
Dark deep red holes through which the spirit passed.
He lay so still : would he not rise again,
And speak as he was wont ? They saw and sighed,
And gazed and gazed, and turned away in grief.

The heavy hours of night thus slowly passed,
And through the leaden curtain of the east
The glimmering dawn broke o'er the frozen earth;
And then across the field and path there came—
Like phantoms passing o'er a stricken land—
A host of countless men—all pressing on

Towards the place of sorrow where he lay,
And stood in tearful silence at the gate,
And out upon the road. And now the morn
Lit up the clouds in many a rainbow hue,
And o'er the earth in brighter glory streamed ;
And many a man esteemed in public eye
Who had with him in daily struggle braved,
The might of foreign power, that now had passed,—
Patriots who loved the people—ministers
Of state, the soldiers of Swaraj, and all
The men of mighty nations of the world,—
They came their homage unto him to pay.
For he was like the King among the great,—
And the humblest 'mong the lowly and the poor,—
Beloved of all as father, guide, and friend:
And they all came to make their last farewell.

They placed him on a bed of freshest flowers,
And all could see him, smiling as in sleep ;
And slowly by his side they came and stood
A moment, and in silence prayed and passed.
And untold thousands followed in their wake
Through open gates—men, women, children all,—
Who loved him ; silently they came,
And bowed before him, gazed, and prayed and
passed.

And chanted now the Priests their sacred hymns,—
The voice of ages through unnumbered years,—
Invoking all the powers of earth and sky,
That give us strength in life, and when our day
Is done, recall it,—Agni, Indra great,
Vayu, and Varuna, sovereign of the seas,
And all the mighty guardians of the world,
But o'er them all they sang of Him, the Lord,
The sole creator of the universe,—
Krishna or Vishnu, Allah, God, or Rama,
Who maketh all and taketh to Himself !
So prayed and chanted all their sacred hymns.

And now they placed him on a chariot high,
Upon a bed of dewy flowers—alone,
Robed in a single piece of purest white,
Made of the fabric he had loved so well—
Of handspun yarn, woven by simple hands
Of those who lived and laboured for the poor.
A little piece of loin cloth sufficed
For him in life, and less he needed now,
His face was bare, his eyes were closed, and on
His lips a smile yet lingered as of old;
His forehead lit up by the saffron mark,—
A bridegroom wending on his journey home !
They saw and sobbed, and prayed in silence all !

And now that great procession slowly moved,
Led by the men who guard their people's home
By land and sea and air ; and so they drew
By turn the precious chariot where he lay.
And close behind him stood the men most near
To him in life; though all alike were dear,—
His youngest son, the Pandit, the Sardar,
The Acharya and the Maulana : behind
With slow sad steps, were ministers of state,
And men of many nations ; with them she
Who loved to sing, but came to sigh and mourn ;
And also he, who with a mission came
A year ago—to make this country free,—
That noble Lord, his lady and daughter fair,—
Who loved him as their own and called him friend.

On either side of road were throngs of men,
Who since the early hours of morn had come
From town and country many a league, and walked
Afar that livelong winter night, to see
The last of him they loved in earthly frame :
Men, women, children—young and old—and all
Had stood in patient silence many an hour
To see that sad procession slowly pass,
And gaze on him, their father. Now and then
A sob was heard—a sigh—a voice of wail,

But soon was hushed, as over them rolled the hymn
Of life and light that he had loved so well :

O Lord of Raghus, Raja Ram !
Saviour of sinners, Sita Ram !
Isvara, Allah are Thy names,
Chanted in many a holy psalm,
By Hindus in their daily prayer,
And by the children of Islam.
O teach us to see Thee everywhere,
And in Thy love our hearts embalm.
O Lord of Raghus, Raja Ram !
Saviour of sinners, Sita Ram !

And then they cried, "Victorious as in life,
Even so in death victorious, mighty soul—
O father of the nation,—Gandhiji !"
And everywhere they cried,—" Victorious thou,
O father of the nation, Gandhiji !"

How different was this all from that great day,
When millions, freed from bondage, cried with joy,—
" Victory to Gandhiji, the mighty soul :
Victory to Gandhiji the mighty soul !"
And yet he was not there, but far away
Towards the east, to comfort those had cried
For help, and did not know where else to turn.

A little less than six months now had passed,
And there along the roadway were the crowds—
The same, but not the same—and everywhere
They cried again—"Victorious evermore,
O father of the nation,—Gandhiji!"
And yet he was not there, but far away,
Beyond the realms of human sight or ken,
Into the bosom of the blessed Lord,
He loved so well in thought and word and deed.

For six long miles with measured steps and slow
That great procession moved through million men,
For full as many hours; and when the sun
Towards the clouded west had bent his course,
They came where Yamuna floods in tumult flow
In summer rain—all silent now and dry,—
Rajghat; and there in many an endless stream
Came all the crowds from roadside and beyond,
From many a town and village,—countless men,
Women and children—young and old—and all
In a vast silent circle stood and gazed.
And he too came, the Wizard of the South,
Flying from torn Bengal; ay, all but he,
His faithful comrade of an earlier day
In lone Bihar—now far away, too late.

They laid him gently on the dewy ground,
And sighed and gazed and made their last farewell.

And now behold the pyre of sandal wood,
And rising smoke and tongues of flaming fire,
Crackling amid the chant of sacred hymns,
Sung by the Priests in slow and solemn tones :

Lead us from darkness into light :
From falsehood unto holy Truth :
From death to immortality.

* * * * *

The oblation's Brahma, the offering too,—
In Brahma-fire by Brahma made ;
And unto Brahma he attains
In all his life who Brahma sees.

* * * * *

He goes along the path of Light ;
By Light is led to regions far
Beyond the realm of sun and star,—
Into the glory of His might.

The sun does not illumine It ;
Nor yet the Moon, nor flames of Fire,—
The home of all the worlds entire,—
The bosom of the Infinite.



All that is mortal to the Immortal goes

Into the elements retire
His mortal parts—earth, water, air,
And ether floating everywhere,
And fire renewed through blazing Fire.

Within the Moon is merged the Mind ;
The Intellect within the Sun ;
And into Him is merged the One—
The soul immortal, undefined.

* * * * *

Behold, O Agni, and gaze O Moon below,
And thou, O Sun, and all ye planets see,—
Venus and Mars, and Jupiter, Mercury,
That shape the course of life, with Saturn
slow,—

All that is mortal to the Immortal goes ;
The Traveller and the Path, the Guide,
the Goal
Are now as one—the part within the Whole :
And so the drop into the Ocean flows.

Beyond the bounds of space or breath of Time,
Where present, past and future shrink and lie
But as one point in Life's eternity —
He goes on wings of Light in joy sublime.

And Yama, lord of that eternal Law,
Which makes through death immortal mortal
life,
Lead him beyond the vale of tears and strife,
And to its heavenly home the Spirit draw.

For eight and seventy years he sojourned here,
And glorified the Lord in word and deed :
And now the Spirit from its bondage freed,
Returns to Him who always held him dear.

Life into Life, and light into Light divine ;
The self into the bosom of the Soul ;
The part divided from the boundless Whole
Returns, O Lord, and is for ever Thine !

* * * * *

The music mingled with the circling flames,
That kissed his lips and feet and smiled and frowned ;
And now his sons and those he held as dear,
Went round and round again that sacred pile
Three times, and uttered softly,—“ Thine, O Lord,
O Krishna, Thine for ever, for ever Thine ! ”—
And stood and gazed in silence. Then the crowds
Of men and women who had stood afar

So long in patience, came more near and near,
And circling round the pyre, in sorrow gazed ;
And so the heavy minutes slowly passed.

And now the sun was setting ; in the west
The lingering gleams of twilight faded fast,
And shades of darkness lengthened o'er the earth,
And melted all that multitude away,
Save those resolved to watch the livelong night,
And chant the holy hymns of prayer and peace.

* * * * *

So two days passed and on the third they came
To gather all of him that still remained —
By Agni spared in that last sacrifice.
And thousands thronged again upon that morn,
Amid the chant of prayers ; and now they placed
The bones and ashes in a copper urn,
Ringed round with many a wreath of morning
—flowers,
And two hand-woven bags of purest white,
On the appointed day to be consigned
Into the sacred waters of the three
Great mothers, where they meet in flood and flow
Together o'er the earth and underground,—
Ganga and Yamuna and Sarasvati !

* * * * *

VII THE LAST VOYAGE

NOW wave upon wave of multitudinous men—
A surging sea of faces everywhere,—
In countless numbers to the Sangam came,
Where meet the mighty rivers at Prayag,—
Called also God's own city,—Allahabad.
From early morn to noon, from far and near,
City and town and hamlet, farm and field,
They came in streams, and swelled that rolling
crowd.

And now behold that great procession comes,
With measured steps and slow, and holy chant
Of prayer he loved so well,—their precious charge
Borne on a chariot wreathed with freshest flowers,
Led by the hands that loved him; and before
Them marched the loyal hearts that guard our shores
By land and sea and air; and now they came
Where millions echoed to that cry again,—
“Victorious as in life, victorious now
O'er death art thou, immortal Gandhiji !”

They lowered the sacred urn into a boat,
White with a mass of flowers of early spring,

Gliding over the ground; and now behold
 The wide expanse of waters, like a sheet
 Of painted flowers, and into them it passed
 Lightly, on its last voyage to the place
 Where meet the mighty sisters in a wave
 Tumultuous,—then a stream of silver light,—
 Ganga and Yamuna and Sarasvati !

Softly it moved and slowly: quickly then
 Ten thousand boats came splashing from behind,
 Followed by myriads wading through the waves,
 Eager to see the last of him they loved.

And slowly moved that heaving mass of men,
With water circling now above the knee,
And now above the waist; and yet they pressed,
With pots of milk to pour into the stream,—
Their last sad earthly offering. Now behold
A swell of sounds, and then a sheet of white,
Where meet the mighty sisters in one wave,—
Ganga and Yamuna and Sarasvati !
And then the Priests in solemn echoes sang:

The Spirit soars upon the wings of Light :
Beyond the realms of morning or of night;
And now is come
To its own home,—
The bosom of the Lord where all again unite.

— What blazing Agni spares on earth below,
Into the waters of the world doth go,—
From whence began
Each part of Man,
And all on earth and sky that we may see or know.

But far beyond the sun and moon, and far
Beyond the region of the farthest star,
The Spirit lies,
That never dies—

In the bosom of the Lord whence all these waters
are.

The sun and moon and planets rise and roll
Through Time and Space, and mortal life control;
And what is theirs,

They take again;

But each one spares,—

Unmarred by pain,—

What lies beyond them all,—the pure immortal Soul.

Flow, flow, ye waters of Eternity,

Through snow and rain, and river, lake, and sea :

And so the last

That's left behind,

When all is past,

Is now consigned

To you, O Ganga, Yamuna, and Sarasvati !

Receive, ye mighty mothers of the earth,

The last of what remains of mortal birth;

And let it flow

On every side,

That all below

Be purified,—

Heirs to his life's estate, of priceless view and worth.

So all that's mortal is immortal made,
Through fire of life that kindles in each blade,
With light divine
That doth enshrine
The might Spirit of Love that cannot die or fade!

* * * * *

And then with folded hands and reverent awe,
Out of the copper urn, his eldest son
Poured out its precious charge into the stream;
And all around was hushed—and then a cry,—
“Unto the blessed Lord, Krishna, the blessed Lord,
To whom belongeth all the universe!”
And so the mortal was immortal made!

* * * * *

And then because they loved him as the best,
A portion of his ashes was immersed
In all the streams where he had walked or stayed,—
The sacred rivers of his native land,
And mountain lake or shrine; and that fair isle
Where holy Buddha bathed in Lanka's stream;
And that great country in the east that bears
Great Brahma's name, and once again is free;
And still beyond the circling seas afar,
Where many nations bowed to hear his name:
And so the mortal was immortal made.

* * * * *

VIII

WREATHS OF FLOWERS

AND then because they loved him as the best,
They wished to raise memorials to his name,—
Column and arch and statue—bronze or stone,
Or marble,—eight and seventy feet in height,—
The years of mortal life he lived below.

And some there were who called him holy saint,
Who laboured to improve the lot of man
In factory, field and home, through laws of love,
And truth, that knew no hate or fear or strife,
Nor any bounds of creed, or form of faith;
Who gave his all to gain their simple hearts,
And ate the plainest fare; and only wore
A single piece of loin cloth to be
As one among the poorest of the land;
And had his home wherever he chanced to stay.

Some called him hero of a hundred fields
Of bloodless battles fought on southern shores
Of Africa, and then through many a year
Of thrill and throngs of multitudes awake

To claim their freedom as a human right,—
Denied by a mighty nation from afar,
That came across the ocean but to trade.
And stayed to rule,—dividing all the land,—
The might of Britain. Through two fearful wars,
That ravaged all the earth from shore to shore,
For four and six long years, and all between,
He fought through open field, through prison walls
With but the weapon of unfading love
Even for those who cursed him as a foe,
But learned ere long to trust him as a friend,
And now the world, rent by the wounds of war,—
The strife of power, ambition, pride and wealth,—
Man-slaughter of the innocent and poor,
And blind destruction of a grim machine
That knows but blood and horror: nameless crimes
'Gainst man by man, and ghastly ravages
More fierce than death,—and over all a fear
Of crawling, creeping shadows yet to be,
When splits the atom through a prostrate world,
Or cosmic rays through darkness dart to slay;
Yea, all the world, broken by fear and strife,
Turned to his lore of Love, that in the heart
Of man beholds an image of the soul,—
That still, small voice, that whispering through the
world,

Makes all men kin, and bringeth joy and peace;
And saw in it the vision of a hope
'Gainst self-destruction; and the powers on high,
That shape the course of mortal life below,
So wrought within their hearts, that those who held
This ancient land in bondage, snapped the chains,
And made the country of his birth again
Free, to renew the broken links of life
Through love and truth that knows no wrong but
hate.

It was a miracle of human faith,
Unique in all the annals of the world,—
A great renunciation of desire
For power and glory,—that the world may live !

So mourned; and others spake of him as one—
A Hindu of the Hindus, who beheld
The light of Truth and heard the voice of God
In every creed and every form of prayer,
Uttered with humble heart and simple soul.
Who claimed the meanest, who for many a year
Had been suppressed, denied the rights of man,
Or entry into temple, in the name
Of God and faith called holy; toilers they,
Who laboured in the field and mud and marsh,
Through foul and stinking odours, nor had dared

To come within the shadow of a town
Without pollution ; these he claimed his own,
And called them Harijans,—the men of God ;
And they became all Hindus with the rest.

They spake of him as one who in the faith
Of Muslims, Christians, Parsees, Jews and all,—
Saw but the image of the self-same Power
Of Good or God that rules the universe.
And Muslims then remembered how they claimed
Him as a brother of their simple faith,
Who spake of Isvara, Allah as the same
Divine effulgence, differing but in name ;
And by their side had stood as comrade true,
With all the millions—Hindus—of the land,
When all the little of that lingering power
Left among the nations of the West,
Was doomed to perish ; and he braved their might,
And helped to save of Turkey what remained.

And then the Christians in his voice again
Heard the still echo of their Master, when
He saw the vision of the Lord, and spake
To all the people on the Holy Mount ;
And in his end beheld the Sacrifice
Of Him who died that all on earth may live ;

And so believed that through his death will rise
A newer hope for erring man again.
They called him saint and martyr, who forgave
The frenzied hand that slew him, that the faith
He loved so dearly may survive, and be
The herald of a newer dawn, and all
The bleeding world may hear the word again,
And live. Thus all according to their light
Saw in his life an image of their own.

And there were some who mourned him as a man,
Who made of life a great experiment,
To understand of Truth the eternal Law ;
Who spake but as he thought was right, and lived
But as he felt within the heart, and made
His life an open scroll, whereon to write
The hidden secrets of his mind and soul.
They spake of him as one who turned the wheel,
For coarsest yarn to make the cloth he wore,
And led his simple course of daily life
At home and in the world ; and ever strove
To make the common lot of man more light.
Some mourned a counsellor sage, a friend as true,
Or father, brother, helper, teacher, guide ;
And all a man who in the name of God
Loved all, and only good in all did see ;

But above all who children loved, and those
Who needed help,—the sick, the weak, the poor,
And women,—symbol of true sacrifice :
And so they mourned according as they knew !

And there was one among them stood apart,
And mused on all that might have been, and sighed;
And then he heard a sudden echo swell
Within him, and he smiled again, and cried,—

“ He is not dead,—he cannot die,
But lives immortal in the love
Of man below and God above,—
• His heart and home in realms on high.

He was a man of mighty soul,—
A simple heart of love and truth ;
Gentle and sweet, and full of ruth,
And had his mind in calm control.

His faith was great in God on high,
And man below as truly good ;
And thought we had not understood
The law of life, and so did sigh.

His love had power to conquer hate ;
His meekness pride, his hope despair,—
Through meditation, fast, and prayer,
And patience long to watch and wait.

He was a man of perfect peace ;
To save himself he would not slay ;
And saw through night a brighter day ;
Through death of life a newer lease.

And he was filled with pain to see
A social sore or human wrong ;
And could not suffer it for long,
And sought to make the whole world free
Through silent suffering and the might
Of love to quench the flames of war,—
Destroying all from near and far,—
With hatred, horror, and affright.

He looked so frail, so slight, so small,—
Yet high his mission, great his goal ;
A true Mahatma,—mighty soul,—
Honoured by each, beloved of all.

A prophet of a newer dawn,
That breaketh o'er the East again,—
Transmuting fear of death and pain
Through light of love o'er sea and lawn.

And now he passes on to life
Beyond the narrow bounds of death,—
The heaven of all his hope and faith,—
Unmarred by sorrow, tears, or strife.

Lead kindly Light,—lead Thou him on
Unto the bosom of the Lord
He loved so well in thought and word !
And shine on us in Hindustan,

Now widowed in a world of woe ;
And cleanse our hearts, and give us peace ;
And bid this strife and anguish cease
That filleth all the land below.

He loved us all,—we loved him too ,
And now he lives for evermore :
So let his love our life restore,
And healing, heart in heart renew.

He loved the world,—the East, the West,
And every class, and creed and race ;
The high, the low, in every place,—
But the frailest ones he loved the best,—

The child, the maiden mild and meek,
The sick, the wounded, and the poor ;
And gave them courage to endure,
And strength to weary ones and weak.

We mourn,—but let our sorrow prove
The light that leadeth to the goal
He sought for every eager soul,
Through truth, non-violence, and love.

Thus will he live in us again,
And bless the burden of our heart
With joy that none may tear apart,
And break the bonds of grief and pain,—

That e'en the heart of him who hurled
The dart of death with sorrow heave,—
Repent the deed, and sigh and grieve,
As grieveth for him all the world.

For he forgave him and his deed,—
And softly uttered,—‘ Rama, Rama ! ’
And closed his eyes, serene and calm,—
As one asleep, from sorrow freed.

He is not dead,—he cannot die,—
But lives in us,—will there abide,—
As father, brother, friend, and guide,—
Our light below, our hope on high.

And if he liveth, who can die ?

And if he loveth, who should fear ?

And so will many a rolling year

Press on to Time's eternity ;

And ages yet unborn will tell

The simple story of his life,—

‘ Transmute ye fear and hate and strife
Through love, and all will yet be well. ’ ”

And so they spake but as they felt or knew ;

And he was made immortal in their love.

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